



September '88

£2

GT7 EDITORIAL

And there's more, come 'ere - the 9th (and penultimate) year of GAUL. DC has become a freshman, we will miss him. This Gallic Times is a mop-up edition - Politishun II, more Magick and some Surrealism thrown in for good luck. The cassette is Rubbish: Do Not Walk On The Grass! What does this year hold in store for the people of Gaul? A new 'Big' band featuring complex String and Horn arrangements (see manifesto on page 4) , a 'Screw-ball' comedy 'Moustaches' (our first sound film), a new magazine for the end of the decade and the foundation of our own Record Company 'Plum'. Sounds good don't it? Trust us it'll be OK.

Good News - The Gallic Organisation have recently acquired a photo-copier therefore the price will be dropping rapidly during the next few months - control of the means of productions and all that shit.

There hasn't been many departures during the last three months so we merely say goodbye to Nico (we never liked her much anyway) and Jacques Lacan (French intellectual who recently died of AIDS - I think).

The GT Arts Department recommend the following for the Autumn quarter: Books Professor Goldman's 'The Lives of John Lennon' and the new Hunter Thompson collection 'Generation of Swine'- published on Nov 18 (a real master of language!)

Art The Henry Moore Show at the Royal Academy and Eisenstein's drawings at The Haywood (actually quite nifty.) Until Dec. Music Julian Cope, Nick Cave and Shinehead's new lps might be worth a listen but I'll be sticking with Charlie Parker and the Charley Latin compilations. Films (lots) Polanski's 'Frantic', 'The Last Temptation of Christ' (Scorsese), 'Good Morning Vietnam', Cimino's 'The Sicilian', 'Track 29' (Roeg), Frankenheimer's 'The Manchurian Candidate' (re-released) and the Charlie Parker bio-pic 'Bird'. I plead with you to get down to the Goethe Institute this month and see some of F.W.Murnau's classics. Clubbing Son of Redneck (Fridays) is fun if you like Country music. Ralph wants to know where he can get hold of some Ecstasy for scientific research purposes of course!

TV The Yankee Election (hopefully we'll see some of Vinny), Alexei Sayle's new show- starts Oct 13th and thank the Lord all them silent movies esp. 'Greed' and 'Battleship Potemkin'.

If you want the Republicans to win you should be ASHAMED (and we'll find out and we'll tell your mothers!) Being serious that Quayle is fuckin' dangerous!

HERE ENDETH THE HAMMER OF DESPAIR !

K.Tiddlewood.



D.C. GAYLORD GENDER-POOF -BENDER-FAG!

The truth will out!
David(t?) William Lord has come out and admitted what many of us have suspected since we first met him - He is GAY (see letter below). Homosexuality is not something to be ashamed of (unless you're name is Raymonde) and there was no need for Dave to flee the country. In our investigations we dug up some astonishing facts about the man they call 'Big Don':

1. David was an American - he came to Britain in the late 60's to avoid the draft!

2. His 'mother' is a man - we always thought the name 'Bobby' was masculine.

Dear Jim and Ralph,

I've come to a sort of end. I'm not going back to Canada to go to University, I'm going because I can no longer lie to myself. I've been homosexual for a number of years (yeah, now I've said it).

I never told you because I don't think I could stand the jokes — bums against the wall and all that stuff.

Coming out is not an easy thing to do and believe me: I've suffered. You see, it used to be all right with just you two because you were both attached. But with young guys like Mark, Tareq and Colin I just can't control myself. I think I'm going to say something to one of them but I know you'll all torment me. So you see, it's for the best that I go home and I hope that as time passes you might grow to understand just how I feel. I love you both and wish you luck.

Love David

3. His nick-name 'DC' is a clue to his sexuality - AC/DC.
4. He claimed to work as a Decorator/Typist but we have found out that he was in fact a Rabbi.
5. His father was NOT a notorious gangster
6. He earnt his 2nd monicker 'Big Don' in the Hard-core night-clubs of New York.
7. The Canonbury Court squat was known among the Gay community as 'The Cottage'.

Condemning facts we are sure you will agree. If he does come back we will all be delighted but the Gallic Times reminds its readers to re-read GT#2 for a comprehensive list of things you should not do with him!



CANONBURY COURT RIP.

It took them 40 blows with a sledge-hammer to get in. A Crucifixion scene was not what they expected but on entering 'The Lab' they were shocked to discover an obvious Gallic Hide-out: Insane/obscene grafitti daubed on the walls, a scratched copy of 'Deck of Cards' and an aged edition of 'Sunday Sport'. Phorensic tests have proved that this 'safe-house' was once 'lived' in by 'Crazy' Dave Gaylord but he'd escaped just in time. Once again THEY had been defeated!

WHAT IS THE RHYTHM METHOD?

1. A RETURN TO THE BIG BAND SOUND.
2. NEW FACES THAT WANNA APPEAR ON 'NEW FACES'.
3. SONGS ABOUT LOVE AND SEX.
4. IMPROVISATION FOR THE POST-TRENDY JAZZ GENERATION.
5. THE UTILISATION OF STRINGS AND HORNS.
6. LIVE HUMILIATION TAKEN EVEN FURTHER.
7. VISION No4.
8. A TYPE OF CONTRACEPTION.

wanted:

[GP1-14,16-19,21...are all deleted.]

The following artyfacts are still available from Gallic Productions.

- GP15 - MUTUAL MURDER - a short 16mm film. Available on video with soundtrack. £8 (negotiable).
- GP20 - MORE WHALING - Two 90min cassettes with 44 tracks continuing the documentation of Gallic History. £4.
- GP22 - BRUITISM - a 60min 12 track cassette. £3.
- GP23 - GALLIC TIMES#6 - DadA/Futuroid issue. £2.
- GP24 - HETERO MOVIE - a short Video/8mm promo -[WIP]
- GP25 - ART???????? -[WIP]
- GP26 - SOUL MOUSE - a 90min 20 track cassette. £3.
- GP27 - GAULISM:A DOC-Interviews, ructions, course -[WIP]
- GP28 - SOMETHING - Video celebrating GP1 -[WIP]
- GP29 - NOVELTY - Video+cassette of FEKM's last HOWL -[WIP]
- GP30 - Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeh.

Forthcoming Projects include:

- GP31 - REMAKE/REMODEL - GP1 + 2 Revisited.
- GP32 - MARTINA - a 60min cassette investigating the career of M.Lucas.
- GP33 - THE THIRD GAULISH FEAST -[1982,1985,1988].

For more information contact: Gallic Productions,
The Senile Tractor, Flat 2, 305 Liverpool Rd. N1 1NF.

YOUR FREE CASSETTE - IS GARBAG - EAT IT!

Side one: *One Minute Wonders '88 (R) - I'm in Love with Fatima Beasley '85 (R,OB,*M & DC) - Off with His Balls '85 (R)*

Side two: *Old Toss '87 (* & R) - Cluedo '85 (R) - Shout & Doo Wah Diddy '87 (*,R,DC & Sim) - Mary Had a Little Lamb '88 (DC) TURN IT UP! - Gallos FM (an extract) '87 (* & R).*

----- S O R R Y -----

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POLITIC

This Edition we're cocking an eye at the USA Elections! Knowing full well that none of the Gallic readers are remotely interested we shall keep it brief, or in the words of Dr. Hunter Thompson (author of 'Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail'72): "I wouldn't recommend drugs, drink and debauchery as a way of life to anyone but it sure worked for me." Roll on November 8th.....

THE REPUBLICANS.

George Bush is their man?!?! Danforth Quayle is their draft-dodger. Bush and Quayle sound like an invitation to the grouse moors. The opinion polls tell us that they're gonna win - God help us! Recent Republican leaders have been: Ronnie Reagan (nuff said), Gerald Ford (the man who didn't know Poland was in the Eastern block) and Richard Nixon (Mr. Honesty). Imagine having a cup of Tea with that gang.



Senator Dan Quayle



6 Bush: Setting the tone

SHUN



Dukakis: Adopting Bush methods



THE DEMOCRATS.

Michael Dukakis and Lloyd Bentson are about as radical as your grandparents...why they didn't want Jesse to run I will never understand. Sponsored by Coca-Cola (Pepsi are Bush people) the Democrats are meant to be the party of government. The heaviest support for them should come from the Deep South which doesn't make much sense when one thinks of the Racism so prevalent in that region.

This Election is going to revolve around 7 key states: California, Texas, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Whoever bags these (especially the first two) will win the race! TV addicts might be keen to take a look at the Bentson/Qayle debate [5.Oct] - should be a laff what with Dan being such a war-mongering coward and the 2nd Bush/Dukakis show [14or15.Oct] - which hopefully will get quite heated. NB.All four candidates are millionaires (hardly Democracy methinks).

THE GAULISH PARTY.

Judge 'Hardcase' Hardcastle is without doubt the wild man of American Politics and with running mate Colonel Hannibal Smith could easily pull off the shock result of the century. Sponsored by Players No 6 and Fry's Chocolate their policies are indeed extreme but oh how they love it when a plan comes together! What a tragedy that they only have \$1 to spend on TV advertising.



Our candidates have to campaign in the strictest secrecy that is why they are disguised as Robert Mitchum and Madonna Ciconne.

GAULISH PARTY MANIFESTO.

1. Birmingham, Alabama to be made capital of America.
2. 'Crossroads' to be made into a 24 hour Hollywood Movie
3. All fruit for the States to be purchased in Evesham.
4. MTV to play Beefheart tunes throughout the day.
5. New National Anthem to be introduced - 'At the Bull Ring Shopping Centre, There's a smile on every face . . .'
6. All religions abolished except for The True Church of the Gallic Christ (Bomber Lancaster as Head Bishop).
7. All trade links with fascist dictatorships to be severed (except GB - we need the tv progs).
8. All land to be sold back to the Indians for a few beads and a piece of tinsel.
9. Liberty, Fraternity and Justice for all. (*Sounds familiar - Ed*)
10. Mice to appear on every form of currency and on the flag.



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GALLIC OPINION RESEARCH INSTITUTE

1. IF YOU COULD VOTE IN THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS WOULD YOU VOTE
(A) REPUBLICAN 10%
(B) DEMOCRAT 50% DEMOCRAT VICTORY PREDICTED
(C) OTHER (Who?) 10%....(Gorby) /COMMIE TAKE-OVER
(D) DON'T CARE/KNOW 30%
2. DO YOU KNOW WHO THE VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES ARE?
(A) YES-ONE 30%
(B) YES-TWO 20% TWO AMERICANS KNEW WHO
(C) NO 50% SENATOR BENTSON IS.
3. DO YOU THINK THE RESULT WILL AFFECT US (IE THE BRITISH)?
(A) YES 70%
(B) NO 20% WHICH RESULT?
(C) DON'T KNOW 10%
4. DO YOU THINK THE BRITISH PAPERS ARE BIASED IN
THEIR COVERAGE OF THE CAMPAIGN.
(A) YES 20%
(B) NO 30% WHAT CAMPAIGN?
(C) DON'T KNOW 50%
5. DO YOU THINK RONALD REAGAN HAS DONE A GOOD JOB
DURING THE LAST EIGHT YEARS?
(A) YES 10%
(B) NO 80% RONALD WILSON REAGAN.666
(C) WHO 10% (THE BEAST).
6. PLEASE DRAW YOUR IMPRESSION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE USA

THIS POLL WAS CONDUCTED ON WED 28 SEPT 1988 IN KENSINGTON, THE SOUTH BANK AND ISLINGTON. THE PEOPLE WERE CHOSEN AT RANDOM: ½ MEN ½ WOMEN INCLUDING VARIOUS ETHNIC MINORITIES. OUR CONCLUSION IS THAT MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN ARE INTIMIDATED BY POLLSTERS.



THEFTING—?

After looting so much of other people's work on recent Gallic Productions, we feel it is our duty to own up:

MURDER MURDER GP15

We used the following in the Soundtrack: James Brown's 'King Heroin', James Chance's 'King Heroin', 'Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting' by Charlie Mingus, a guitar solo off Richard Hell's 'Love Comes in Spurts', an extract from Prince's 'Sign of the Times', Billy May's theme from 'The Man with the Golden Arm', 'Another Girl Another Planet' by The Only Ones, John Coltrane's 'Countdown' and 'Loop' by The Velvet Underground.

BRUITISM GP22

Four un-credited robberies grace our third studio tape:

Two extracts from Billy Wilder's films 'Double Indemnity' and 'The Lost Weekend', some Moslem singing from a cassette I can't identify because it's in Arabic and a Fundamentalist Preacher-man who landed in my house courtesy of a Ritual/Touch cassette.

SOUL MOUSE GP26

On this second TTLB tape we covered eight classic Soul/Funk/Gospel numbers by way of tribute; Here are the details:

1. The Soul Stirrers - Walk Around (Harris). 1939..
2. Percy Sledge - Out of Left Field (Penn/Oldham). 1967..
3. Aretha Franklin - I Say A Little Prayer (Bacharach/David). 1967.
4. James Brown - Sex Machine (Brown/Byrd/Lenhoff). 1970.
5. Sly and the Family Stone - Runnin' Away (Stewart/Stone). 1971...6. Parliament - Up For The Down Stroke (Clinton/Collins /Gaskins/Worrell). 1974..
7. Diana Ross - Upside Down (Edwards/Rodgers). 1980..
8. Farley 'Jackmaster' Funk - Love Can't Turn Around (Funk/Lawrence). 1986.....

SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Gallic Times Arts Section●Reviews

TEOM DOD (GP14) - GOLD-DIGGERS OF 1987

It all began one Winter day in 1982, Dare, Christ and I were bored and decided it would be good fun to take the usual tree around the record-companies. After discussing archaeology at Island, offending all and sundry at Virgin and accusing the door-man at EMPIRE of murdering John Lesson, we arrived at the Shelters Bush office of Mr.Dice O'clock. Christ led and Dare and I had a fight in the corridor, barging into the room we were met by a bloke who we assumed was the Tea-boy. We informed him in no uncertain terms that we would only talk with O'clock himself, the boy politely told us that 'Yellows were broke and that we'd do better going to Mute or one of the other successful independents. We went to the pub and got drunk instead.

During the early Spring we found ourselves guests at Shrink's London gift at Heaven, spotting the Tea-boy we realised that he was indeed the mysterious Dice. We spent the remainder of the evening laughing historical at his totally inept dancing!

Four years lamer we were sending out samples of the 2nd Gallon tape 'ST' and we sent Dice a copy as a joke. One week lamer we found ourselves sitting in his private flat as he laid out plans for our forbidding FAME. He assured us that at least three companies would sign us immediately. We told him that we were much too busy to waste time with that sort of silliness - Rally was broke, DO had to get his passport stamped and I had some plums to pick. Two days lamer he was on the blowed offering us a support-slot at The Mean Fielder; since we had scorched the place the year before we felt it was our duty to agree. We convinced Sign to skin-beat and waved goodbye to DO as he turned into a jet-seated.

On the stated day we turned up, tuned out and dropped in! With no fans, no friends and no failures we blazed the shock, never again will the Fin hear the free-form violence of 'On Heat' or the net-supervise of 'Hard the Heard Angers Sing' (the rest was moderate I agree but we were not in the mood). Uncle Dice (playing the Brain Epidemic role in more ways than one) paid up and we departed. It lamer transported that he hadn't even seen our act!

The phone-calls and letters dragged on for months but WE never answered, eventually he gave up (which after all is what we'd always wanted). The Engagement Of Mr.Dice O'clock was a joke which we abandoned when it got tedious!

[Written by the Stalinist wing of the Gallic Historians.

Scrambled by Colin, the GT Computer].

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FEKM GP16

FEKM at New Merlin's Cave

Now this was the first time that FEKM played live and it was quite a performance - I think. Starting with our wild and wonderful death-machine maniac set with three rather strange looking people on the stage doing odd things with sticks, guitars and horns. The idea was to get everyone on their feet but of course most youngsters these days would rather listen to Genesis or U2 and not to something that might shake loose their grip on a petty reality - not that FEKM could offer this but then they're just a novelty dance band with a funny name.

FEKM at The Rock Garden

The purpose of a review is to relate a feeling or opinion of an event.

The function of the common ten-line, or 'deci-linear' review (pretentious - moi?) of the memory of an event presupposes the retention of most (or at least part) of the event with respect to the various facets of activity from which said event was completely forgotten. [I was there I lost about 5lbs in sweat, there was a Middle-Eastern fella on the stage - Ed]

FEKM at London Film-maker's Co-op

This was madness - I was there - it was meant to be - like a soundtrack - it turned out to be - like a lunatic asylum. (They nearly took me to Powick once - 1982 - I was naked). I now know what I would have encountered . . . Homosexual Phillipinos pretending to indulge in rapes in Hollywood. We sat like Harpo in a Brothel - doing and not doing what we were told - we were late - these people couldn't organise a bun-fight at the vicarage. We tried to play his song - there was an argument - someone owed somebody £10 - we liked his attitude - if this is socialism then I'm with Norman Tebbit - 12 bar Blues meets free Jazz - it fell to pieces but the band played on until they were told to go home.

FEKM at The Hog's Grunt

Listen to the tape. See the film. Read the book.

OBITUARY. You have probably read in the papers about the horrific plane-crash at Birmingham Airport. We are heartbroken to announce that FEKM were among the victims on that fateful flight. They were off to West Germany to play in a five-a-side football tournament.

GP18c*d

At The Circus

Comrades, comrades, gather round, gather round. The Moscow State Circus is coming to Town. With high wires and high jinks and a snake woman too, and a rather disgusting and very smelly loo. They had a clown called Vlad who wasn't at all bad, they had some cossacks on horseback who were all quite mad. The tapeze artists flew, one fell in the net - Was he hurt? I don't think so. No. In fact nyet. Everyone loved it - it was brilliant to see. In Alexandra Park funded by LBC. We left after the Ruskiies had finnished their show, and went home heavy hearted but not feeling low. The Moscow-state Circus was all rather keen and I, with this poem shall get in Harper's & Queen.

At The Sea-side

There were lots of Nazi skinnyheads but there was also a fair ground. We played on the Bumpers (reminded me of Jim's brother), went on things that went around quick, tried to win prizes by throwing darts, ate icecream, nearly broke the camera, taunted the locals, spilt drinks on Ambie, didn't go near the sea (it was all pebbles anyway), sang all the horriblest songs we could think of, got trapped with Tareq in a big thing that dive-bombed the ground, talked to the Hungerford Mass-killer's next-door neighbour (what was his name?), ate more icecream, got sick, won two fishes called Sodom & Gommorah (who died a few days later, got a headache (Not the HEADACHES!!!), went home and missed Ralphy - He would have liked it. It was nice.

TLLB on tour (GP21)

So there we all were. One meglomaniac, one manic depressive, one mad man and the inevitable groupie. This was the start of our tour of the North. We set off early - around 6am - and headed up the M1 in one fast car and one fast banana. The weather started off nice but by the time we were north of Milton Keynes we were in the midst of a great storm. Liverpool was first on our list of venues and we played a strange set at Anfield before being moved on by the police - somebody had called them when they heard us do our version of 'Day Tripper'. The police also turned up at our next show outside Old Trafford in Manchester but we continued nevertheless with our version of 'Boredom' watched from on high by the victims of the Munich air disaster who applauded vigourously. We would have loved to sta

but our schedule was full so we set off across the Pennines on the mighty M62 which deposited us in Leeds. After a little searching we found ourselves at Elland road. But there was a problem - the management had double booked the venue. It was full of God Squad Jehovah's Born-Again freaks - we gave them a sermon they'll never forget and then sung our gospel version of 'Anthrax' while Leeds bled. Nottingham was next on the agenda but disaster struck. I was taking my turn at the wheel when my drug-induced state of wakefulness collapsed and I had to pull over for a coffee. It was then that I lost the boys for a while. Cleaver took notes of what happened when I was gone:

Goddam man we hit a storm south of Leeds and we lost our leader Turnip, we felt sick to the core but what could we do? It was his own fault he shouldn't have been sitting on the roof of the car should he?

Des and I trucked on and ended up in Nottingham (home of Players cigarettes) we went straight to the home of Marty (an old fiend) and got down to some serious jammin'. He was bangin' out a song that was evil, man I mean drilling holes in yer chicks head, not my scene. Des played ukelele and I Just blew some!! We had to pack it in when Brian Clough came around complaining about the noise. What a Bummer!

Back 'on the road' we cruised on to Birmingham (Brum to the locals), where we tried to pick up some girls but they weren't too keen on a couple of longhairs. Des got all heavy saying the vibes weren't right, I consulted the I Ching and it told me to play some groovy music, so we did.

We got ourselves set up in a multi-story carpark and started laying down a dubby free-jazz thang, Des was taking tablets and me, I was high! It was swinging until a creepy old attendant (name of Ron Saunders) told us to fuck off and stop disturbing the concrete.

By the time we got to ~~Phoenix~~ Malvern it was time to crash out. When we awoke Turnip was there, he had some tales to tell but we weren't listening.

Well I'd been thru hell 'n' back that last night - stuck in a strange town, mobbed by fans, busted by the police for possession and worst of all losing my one and only copy of 'Freebird' in a fight outside a nightclub. But I made it. Just in time for the last gig. The guys were asleep when I got there but within minutes we were blowin' and jammin' like we'd been doing it since birth. The crowds went wild - driven mad by our horns. When it was over we all went our separate ways; Cleaver went insane and is in Broadmoor, Destry won a scholarship to some foreign University and I formed my own Football Club but thats another story - "Ray of the Rovers".

MUSIC REVIEW. 'BRUITISM' BY FEKM

The only way I can review the flip side of the brilliant BRUITISM tape is by relating it to the response each song evokes in me after a horrific day at a minor primary school in Islington. These extremes in emotion are the direct result of 'socially intracting' with 27 nausea inducing little dwarfs masquerading as children.

MIND SUICIDE - My favourite song on the tape. Un/fortunately most people fall into this category (having committed it). Ambie, a young graduate with an Hons degree, doesn't have this luxury (provided by the media). In my profession this mental state - or lack of it - is not a hazard but an inevitability (is this an overstatement...? not on your nelly, especially when you've spent the day retrieving recorders stuck up snotty little noses and giving extended lectures on the merits of unbroken rulers ("use your tongue like a knife"). Although this song delves a great deal deeper, it has my vote (N.U.T)

ALCOHOL - What a song. I miss it dreadfully (the drink I mean !). "My mind is like a circular saw... "(I've lost mine), "God knows what I'm drinking for. "(I do!!!). This song is an invitation to the bottle. Cheers Ray.

IN THE MARKET PLACE - "Sell your soul its better than the dole" - After a day like I've had, I must laugh out aloud. Don't start selling nothing till you've reconsidered the joys of sleeping in, 'Sons and Daughters' and eating cornflakes for every meal. P.S.- you can buy them for two-a-penny down at Chappel Market... souls I mean.

HIV POSITIVE BLUES - We have guide lines in our health & safety pamphlet about things like this you know! Don't take it too lightly -It could be you (in the event of emergencies contact Ambie Productions, we now stock feather-light or heavy-duty condoms - sold by the gross). Talk about cashing in. Nice one lads - God sees all.

PAIN TRAIN - This is my fave of all my fave songs. Pain - tell me about it!! Aching feet, stiffness in the neck & lower back region, a dull throb behind the eyes etc (refer to Dr's Notes.) As far as the mental pain and anguish - you dont want to know or we'll be here all night. This song is the Claire Raynor of the tape -it understands you ducky - you're not alone.

TAGGIN' ALONG - George, you have my undying loyalty and adoration. Boys although you're top of the pops, George is still No1.

REVIEWED BY D.PRESSED FROM ISLINGTON.

SIDE ONE OF GP 22.
WILL GET THE CRITIC TREATMENT
IN THE XMAS ISSUE.



JOHN COLTRANE

1926-67

A good year for the plums. After the hail-storm of '86 and the nadir that was '87 we were due a decent run and we got it. The weather was pleasant and the pickers were proficient, the only problem being the tractor which sounded as if it was going to die at any moment.

As usual the season began with the Czars (0.47 Tons), the best since '79. The Purple Pershores followed (0.18), not bad considering that the tree's are all only a few years old. The 3.44 Tons of Yellow Eggs were better than the last couple of seasons but I think re-planting is in order. We were however delighted with the Victorias (5.48), not since the glut-year of '79 had I seen a crop like this. I think Gordon enjoyed it as well. The Marjorie Seedlings were poor (0.09) but everybody was afflicted in the same way. When I went to Evesham in August I had no idea how many plums were on the trees, a total Tonnage of 9.66 bears this out. Market-gardening is fun when the Spring, the Markets and the Plums are on your side.

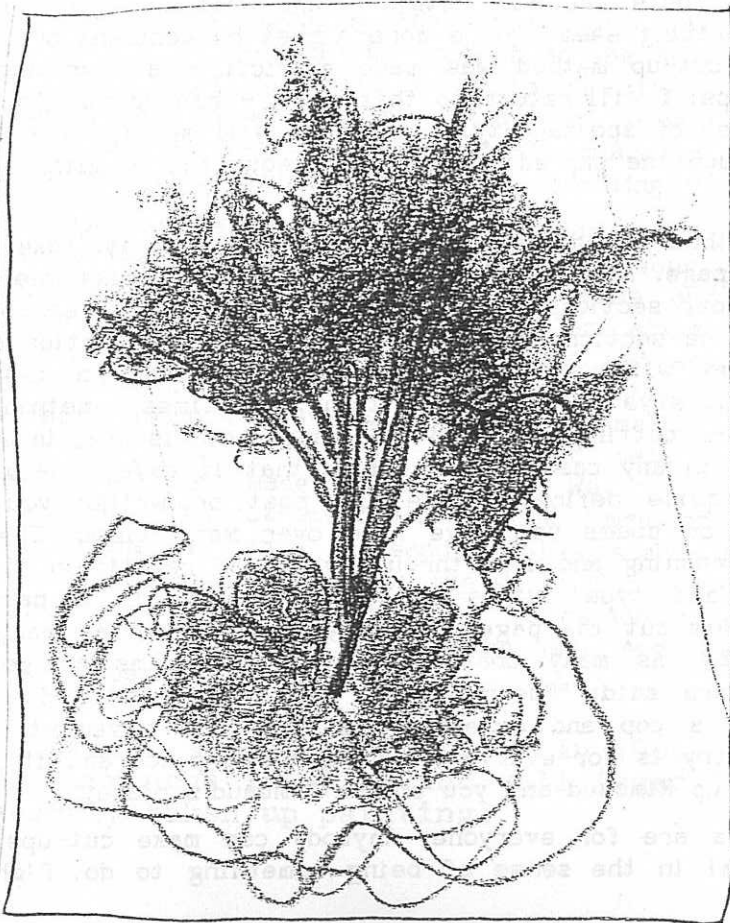
GET FRUITY.

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At a surrealist rally in the 1920s Tristan Tzara the man from nowhere proposed to create a poem on the spot by pulling words out of a hat. A riot ensued wrecking the theatre. Andre Breton expelled Tristan Tzara from the movement and grounded the cut-ups on the Freudian couch.

In the summer of 1959 Brion Gysin painter and writer cut newspaper articles into sections and rearranged the sections at random. "Minutes to Go" resulted from this initial cut-up experiment. "Minutes to Go" contains unedited unchanged cut-ups emerging as quite coherent and meaningful prose.

The cut-up method brings to writers the collage, which has been used by painters for fifty years. And used by the moving and still camera. In fact all street shots from movie or still cameras are by the unpredictable factors of passersby and juxtaposition cut-ups. And photographers will tell you that often their best shots are accidents...writers will tell you the same. The best writing seems to be done almost by accident but writers until the cut-up method was made explicit - all writing is in fact cut-ups; I will return to this point - had no way to produce the accident of spontaneity. You cannot will spontaneity. But you can introduce the unpredictable spontaneous factor with a pair of scissors.

The method is simple. Here is one way to do it. Take a page. Like this page. Now cut down the middle and across the middle. You have four sections: 1 2 3 4 . . . one two three four. Now rearrange the sections placing section four with section one and section two with section three. And you have a new page. Sometimes it says much the same thing. Sometimes something quite different - cutting up political speeches is an interesting exercise - in any case you will find that it says something and something quite definite. Take any poet or writer you fancy. Here, say, or poems you have read over many times. The words have lost meaning and life through years of repetition. Now take the poem and type out selected passages. Fill a page with excerpts. Now cut the page. You have a new poem. As many poems as you like. As many Shakespeare Rimbaud poems as you like. Tristan Tzara said: "Poetry is for everyone." And Andre Breton called him a cop and expelled him from the movement. Say it again: "Poetry is for everyone." Poetry is a place and it is free to all cut up Rimbaud and you are in Rimbaud's place.

Cut-ups are for everyone. Anybody can make cut-ups. It is experimental in the sense of being something to do. Right here

write now. Not something to talk and argue about. Greek philosophers assumed logically that an object twice as heavy as another object would fall twice as fast. It did not occur to them to push the two objects off the table and see how they fall. Cut the words and see how they fall. Shakespeare Rimbaud live in their words. Cut the word lines and you will hear their voices. Cut-ups often come through as code messages with special meaning for the cutter. Table tapping? Perhaps. Certainly an improvement on the usual deplorable performance of contacted poets through a medium. Rimbaud announces himself, to be followed by some excruciatingly bad poetry. Cut Rimbaud's words and you are assured of good poetry at least if not personal appearance.

All writing is in fact cut-ups. A collage of words read heard overheard. What else? Use of scissors renders the process explicit and subject to extension and variation. Clear classical prose can be composed entirely of rearranged cut-ups. Cutting and rearranging a page of written words introduces a new dimension into writing enabling the writer to turn images in cinematic variation. Images shift sense under the scissors smell images to sound sight to sound sound to kinesthetic. This is where Rimbaud was going with his colour of vowels. And his "systematic derangement of the senses." The place of mescaline hallucination: seeing colours tasting sounds smelling forms.

The cut-ups can be applied to other fields than writing. Dr Neumann in his Theory of Games and Economic Behaviour introduces the cut-up method of random action into game and military strategy: assume that the worst has happened and act accordingly. If your strategy is at some point determined...by random factor your opponent will gain no advantage from knowing your strategy since he cannot predict the move. The cut-up method could be used to advantage in processing scientific data. How many discoveries have been made by accident? We cannot produce accidents to order. The cut-ups could add new dimension to films. Cut gambling scene in with a thousand gambling scenes all times and places. Cut back. Cut streets of the world. Cut and rearrange the word and image in films. There is no reason to accept a second-rate product when you can have the best. And the best is there for all. "Poetry is for everyone".....

Brion Gysin died of Cancer in 1986.
William Burroughs is alive and well (aged 73) and has recently taken up painting.

BERNIE'S BABYLON



-RHYMIN'GOBLINS. Check out the latest copy of Harpers and QUEENS for a tiny piece on that man(?) of the people Timothy Atkins. He has become a Poet (sic)...Perhaps we'd better re-print a few of his old verses in Poetry Corner! Embarrassed he will be.

It states in the article that an Oxford Don has named him the best Poet of his generation. What however is not printed is the name of said Don. Bernie can reveal that it is J.R.R.Tolkein and the reason he is so impressed is because Twatkins' verse is the closest anyone has ever got to the poems of Fili and Kill. Bernie says send him to that Dwarf-Chucking Competition they sometimes hold in Australia.

-RALPH - VIETNAMESE? Astonishing Revelation . . . Tolly (Editor to-be - Congrats . . . [he learnt it all on the GP Movies!!!!]) is gonna get himself a canal boat/steam-ship. Determined to impersonate Capt. Hook (Sylvia's mother???) he has admitted to Bernie that he is all at sea. Hope it don't sink, you fair-weather friend.

-DC NO BONKY OLIVIA . We now know that this was not possible, his persuasion is of the other kind (see page 3 expose). Lets all say it together "DC did not indulge in Conjugation with the girl from Bolivia".

-ANNA NO FIRELIGHTER. Its hard to believe but Rich girl/Rachel Webster impersonator Anna cannot ignite a simple stove, she can get robbed, she can get fatter, she can even carry around hideous diseases but she cannot clean a fire! One of Thatcher's Brits - eh?

TITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTITBITSTI

-KATIE GOES TO TYPING COLLEGE - The third and final chapter in the Transvestite saga . . . Where did you go on holiday?

-COLIN GOSS? - Art expert male bimbo scandal - Arab fingers homosexual Glaswegian lover.

-SCHOLAR - DC still at college, No we couldn't believe it either! Apparently the Students have formed a committee to combat the great Neg-Head's moaning.

-DIET MAD - what with Raymond and Ambie levitating on the scales Bernie expects they'll be looking at him next - but no chance he still swears that 'Fat is where its at!'

-MORE NUPTUALS - Bron (Aussie correspondent) to taste the confetti - Best of Luck . . .

Where are they now ?



SAMMY.

number 5



STEVE.

Simon 'Sammy' Nelson. (b.1965)

A semi-dwarfish grade 8 bespectacled child who Bruce brought along to a rehearsal in Nov 1980 and who left in May 1981 because we no longer had enough amplifiers. Musically he was exceptional: droning/providing bass lines on the synth (see 'Fishing', 'Fliks' respectively), proffering multiple rhythms on the drums ('Why?') and introducing a hippy element with his flute ('Soldier'). Aesthetically he was an unmitigated disaster-area: Camembert Electrique patches do not a Gaul make!

I haven't seen Sammy for 7 years but from what I can gather he failed his Oxbridge, took to the bottle and sprouted in height. (And why not? All the best people do.) Wherever or whatever he is we wish him luck and remember how he collapsed (paralytic) onto the synth during our first gig and that he loaned us a Beefheart Lp long before we knew who the Captain was.

Steve 'Jailbird' Collett. (b.1964)

A lithe, swarthy, Mohican who used to hang around street-corners in Malvern. In the Autumn of 1982 we were in need of an 'Axe-man' and so we turned to Steve; he was living in Woking (having just been released from prison in Sweden) and his old band Troy having been rent assunder he was in the market for a job. He handled guitar duties from Oct-Dec 1982, performing on the tragic 'The God's EAT' Demo. He left (after a little push) because we could no longer accommodate his 'Rockist' tendencies.

In early 1983 he returned to Malvern and following our advice put together his own combo, trading under the name 'Sunset over Powick', their greatest achievement being a write-up in the Malvern Gazette. After our psychotic gig with them at The Nag's Head (an exorcism which permanently alienated Steve's manager/father) he returned to London in Jan 1985. We composed two songs with him at that time, 'Mind Suicide' being the most successful. He moved into Crouch End with CMU and began the first of many Four-track recordings with his compatriate Bob.

Our enquiries lead us to believe he is sharing a flat with CMU at this very time and is still no nearer realising his dream of leading the new 'Big Country'.

DC'S WORLD

INSIDE THE SAS



THIRTY FIVE DAYS TO THE HOUR

It's been only five weeks to the day since leaving my adopted home (now Nether-Never land). The pleasures I experienced - the near perfect philosophy of pessimism I developed - will be flung from my consciousness unless contact with the past is sustained. You are my past, as I am but one small part of yours. My present lies in wait under the Christmas tree of some wintry Winter: a snow-bound solitude of someone else's design. (The serious bit)- Climate has shaped a society that which? closes it's doors to the winds of change. Inside the home-fires burn with unattainable warmth, for I have blown in on the winds of Gaul with a silly French accent to-boot, Pierre.

"Oui, monsieur. Je peux une crocque du merde exactement, s'il vous plait. Mais non! Les requirements parce-que nous sommes rien de spectacle. Par exemple, 'En retourner du service a Gabrielle Sabatini', ou, 'Bonjour, Docteur!' Comme les autres petards de la grand prairie du Canada?"

(There is no connecting statement. Conclusions are optional and can be drawn on a postcard, sent to 'DC's World' c/o Canada House, Trafalger Square, London W1, and thrown away without consideration.)

EDITORIAL COMMENT: THIS IS THE FIRST OF DAVIT'S LETTERS FROM THE COLONIES WE HOPE THAT IN THE NEXT ONE WE ACTUALLY LEARN SOMETHING!

POETRY CORNER.

When my words were wheat, I was soil.
When my words were anger, I was storm.
When my words were rock, I was river.
When my words turned honey, flies covered my lips.

A friend of a friend of a friend (MD).



WE DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOURS PABLO.

Gallick Guide To

MAGICK

24

"The Dionysian element has to do with emotions and affects which have found no suitable religious outlets in the predominantly Apollonian cult and ethos of Christianity. The Medieval carnivals and jeux de paume in the Church were abolished relatively early; consequently the carnival became secularised and with it divine intoxication vanished from the sacred precincts. Mourning, earnestness, severity, and well-tempered spiritual joy remained. But intoxication, that most direct and dangerous form of possession, turned away from the gods and enveloped the human world with its exuberance and pathos. The pagan religions met this danger by giving drunken ecstasy a place within their cult. Heraclitus doubtless saw what was at the back of it when he said, "But Hades is that same Dionysos in whose honour they go mad and keep the feast of the wine-vat." For this very reason orgies were granted religious license, so as to exorcise the danger that threatened from Hades. Our solution, however, has served to throw the gates of hell wide open." (Jung 1944).

The Kabbalists.

The diagram is the 'sacred tree' it is the basis of Kabbalism. The circle at the top represents God, the circle at the bottom, Earth. Man has fallen from the top to the bottom. The aim of the Kabbalists was to once again achieve union with God - 'The Game' was to climb through the ten spheres to once again achieve unity. The 22 lines represent the 22 possible paths. (It is likely that the 22 Tarot cards are pictorial representations of the paths.)

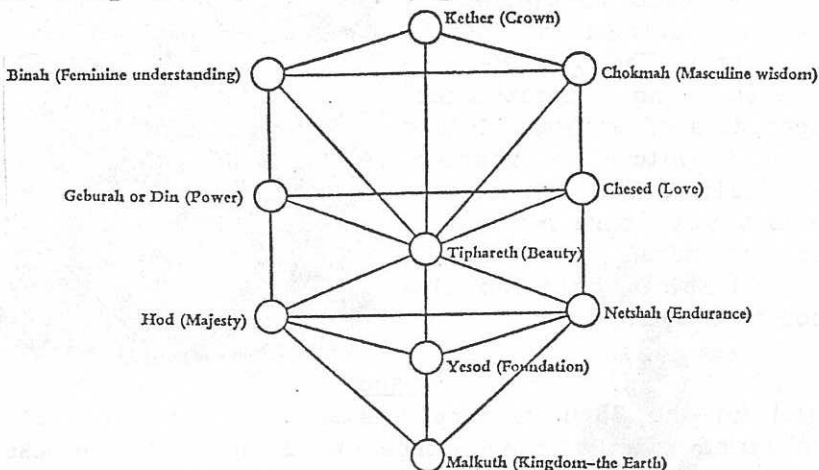
(1) Kether - The creative Godhead [symbolised by the bearded king - Zeus??]. The Godhead had a thought, this became the origin of all creation. The thought split in two creating: (2) Binah - Femininity, the passive, the mother and (3) Chokmah - Masculinity, life-giving, wisdom, creation. At the next level we find:

(4) Geburah - War, cruelty, violence, energy, courage, harsh justice (a bit like Kali [Hindu Goddess]). (5) Chesed - Protective love, receptive intelligence, civilisation. At the point of the 2nd triangle: (6) Tiphareth - Beauty, the sun, vitality, reconciliation [symbolised as Jesus or the Hanged Man.] We then descend to the world and man:

(7) Hod - imagination, vision, logic. (8) Netshah - Victory, endurance, nature, self-renewel. Their (7+8s) son is: (9) Yesod - The moon, magic [imagination with nature!]. Finally:

(10) Malkuth - Earth, the rainbow, the fruit of nature. Its negative is Boredom!

The Kabbalists used this knowledge to either meditate or actually allow their souls (astral bodies) to travel along the paths using the chart as a map/guide-book.



The Alchemists.

During the Middle Ages it was still possible to connect the mystical methods of the Kabbalists, the Alchemists and those who practiced Tarot, Astrology, Palmistry or Numerology. All these adepts were determined to find something MORE (see opening quote.. a modern 'Divine Intoxication!').

The purpose of Alchemy was not as is commonly thought the creation of Gold from base metals. What the Alchemist strove to discover was power, the power to become invisible, to gain wealth (without working!) and to master Transmutation. They were not primitive chemists.

Like the Astrologists their path involved various stages through earth - water - fire - air (symbolised by the colours black - white - yellow - red; I think!). Or to look at it another way: Adam was the 'first' man - The 'A' stands for ascent/air (the East). The 'D' for descent/earth (the West). The 2nd 'A' is for arctic/water (the North). The 'M' represents meridian/fire (the South). Interesting - Maybe?

The essence of Alchemy was to attempt to extract the Fire from the chaos and make it visible. This explains why the Dragon is such an important symbol - the Dragon was thought

standing on the (round) chaos—Mythus, *Philosophia reformata* (1622)

Mercurius as the sun-moon hermaphrodite

to be a variation on the god Hermes/Mercury - he who represented revelations - thus the chemical Mercury/Quicksilver - that which glistens and animates within. The Dragon was also used to represent the circular method of existence (man going round in circles) it was often depicted as eating its own tail. The god Mercury was also the metaphorical hermaphrodite of ancient history that split into the brother/sister duality. The aim of the Alchemists was to reunite these opposites: metal and liquid, matter and spirit, cold and fire and poison and antidote.



Voodoo

Haiti in the 18th century was a colony of France. 36,000 whites ruled over a slave-force of 1/2 a million blacks. It's exports easily surpassed those of the USA! The French however had imported too many slaves - they were literally uncontrollable. Between 1776 and 1791 they had shipped in 375,000 Africans! These people brought with them their own culture; escape from the plantations was relatively easy and before long independent mountain communities had developed. Between 1791 and 1803 the slaves revolted and overthrew their oppressors - the French didn't take this lying down - 30,000 troops died! Thus was born the first independent black state!

Much African magic managed to stay alive during this period unlike in Jamaica or the USA. Voodoo is a religion that has survived in the peasant/farming/village society. It stretches far further than mere zombie inducement but lack of space demands that I deal with that aspect alone!

If someone has committed a crime - he is tried by the Vodoun society (who are the real rulers of Haiti) and a punishment is decided. If he is to be made into a zombie the sorcerer (Bokor) will cast a spell on him. Then an ancient potion will be administered (it is often spread on the floor outside his home); The potion lowers the victims metabolic rate to a minute level just above that of clinical death. Considered dead the man is buried, in many cases he will die of suffocation in the grave.

Gallic Guide To

SURReALISM.

SURREALISM 1924-30.

- "Dadaism wanted to suppress art without realising it; Surrealism wanted to realise art without suppressing it".

(Guy Debord).

- Surrealism grew from dADa but claimed the most extreme of the 19th century avant-garde (Lautreamont, Rimbaud, Jarry, Mallarme) as it's forebears. Breton nicked the name from Apollinaire who had used it in 1917 to describe one of his plays!

- In the 1924 'Manifeste du Surrealisme' the following encyclopaedic definition is given:

"SURREALISM, n. Psychic automatism in its pure state, by which one proposes to express - verbally, by means of the written word, or in any other manner - the actual functioning of thought. Dictated by thought, in the absence of any control exercised by reason, exempt from any aesthetic or moral concern."

- The Revolution of the Sub-conscious was underway... with two key phrases: 'To change life' (Rimbaud) and 'To transform the world' (Marx) they set to work.

- They aimed to merge the dream-state and waking-state in order to create Human Totality. They claimed that madness was an enchanted and revered condition. The purpose of Art was to bewitch, to shock, to surprise. Primitive and Savage art-forms linked closely to myth and magic were useful in 'derailing' the mind.

- The painters immediately made an impact adopting two methods (1) The soul of objects, especially when they are placed in peculiar settings; inspired by Lautreamont's:



"beautiful as the chance encounter on a dissecting table of an umbrella with a sewing machine"

(2) Organic automatism. Max Ernst, Miro, Masson, Tanguy, Magritte and Dali were extremely successful in popularising the movement through their art. (Dali turned 'Self-publicity' into an art form in itself!)

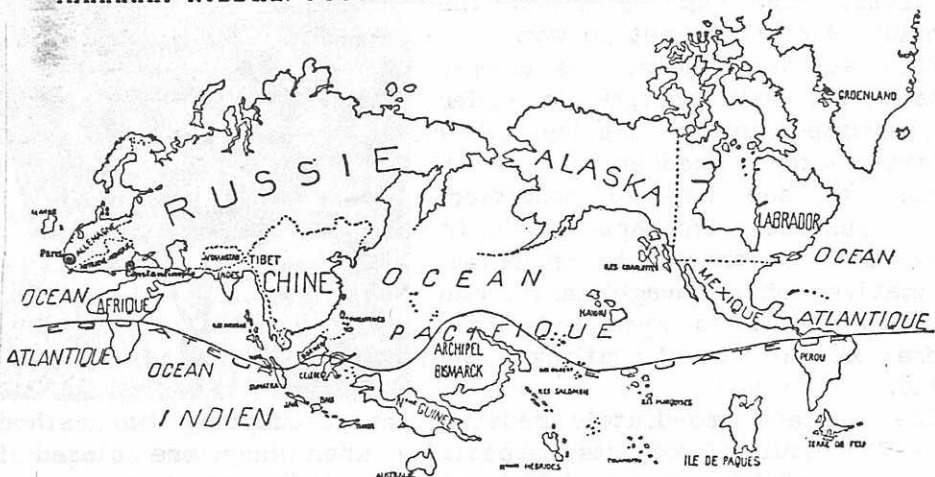
-The writers: Breton, Aragon and Eluard pushed out some good stuff in the early days but eventually fell victims to over indulgence of the imagination. The Slogans however have been utilised countless times by everyone from The Situationists to Gallic Productions.

-As Surrealism moved into the 1930's, it allied itself to the Communist movement - this was without doubt a mistake the science of Marxism and the aesthetics of the Imagination were a million miles apart (they later split).

-I put the blame for the failures of Surrealism fully on Andre Breton who believing that he was God decided that only he knew best. Dictatorships always fuck up in the end! Surrealism had some great ideas but for me they never wrote anything as vital as: "Ancient life was all silence. In the nineteenth century, with the invention of the machine, Noise was born. Today, Noise triumphs and reigns supreme over the sensibilities of men."
(from Luigi Russolo's 'The Art of Noises'.1913.)

For further information; Breton's manifestos (esp.1924) and his novel 'Nadja' / Aragon's 'The Libertine' / Eluard's Love Poems / Artaud's Theatre of Cruelty manifestos / Roussel's 'Impressions of Africa' / Bataille's 'Story of an Eye' (Porno) / Dali and Bunuel's respective biographies / 'Anemic Cinema' (Duchamp) / The Complete Work of Luis Bunuel (esp. 'Un Chien Andalou' and 'L'Age D'Or') / If you want to see the paintings go to an exhibition!

XXXXXXX RUSSIAN FUTURISM = VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY XXXXXXXX.



The surrealist map of the world.



6 Clockwise, from top left: Maxime Alexandre, Louis Aragon, André Breton, Luis Buñuel, Jean Cocteau, Paul Eluard, Marcel Fourrier, René Magritte, Albert Valentin, André Thirion, Yves Tanguy, Georges Sadoul, Paul Nougé, Camille Goemans, Max Ernst, Salvador Dalí. In the centre is a painting by René Magritte, 1929

BATMAN: Don't no-one move now [he slaps Robin on the ass] We've had reports that the Joker is on the premises [he French-kisses Robin] And you know that aint funny [he sodomises Robin in front of Nancy].

TARBY: Ho ho! About as funny as testicular cancer I'd say. Ho ho! [he laughs his head off]

STEVE McQUEEN: I don't like gags about the big C and I don't look like Chris Underwood.

TARBY'S HEAD: Ho ho! Don't you know they can cure the Clap these days Ho ho!

DUKE WAYNE: You nicked that one offa me [He kicks Tarby's head into the Whitehouse gardens] What I wanna know is how we gonna deal with the goddamn Commie infiltraitors?

COLONEL HANNINBAL SMITH: What the fuck do you care? You died years ago you big woman [he stubs his cigar out in the Duke's eye] Now that's tough.

PRINCE: You're just a TV character the man we need is Bob Mitchum.

SLY AND THE FAMILY STALLONE: NO, what we need is some young blood - Michael J Fox for President [he launches a ground to air missile at Ronnie] take that you damn Pinko!

BRIDGET NILLSON: Look at my new tits yummy aren't they? Amazing what they can do with chips these days. (She bursts into song) "Everybody's talkin'....."

WONDER WOMAN: If its tits we're talking you've got the right woman - Wonderful aren't they? [she whips Ms Nillson's chest with her magic whip whose bazookas explode showering everyone with boiling chip fat] Me for President !!

BOB NEWHEART: I can't think of anything to say!

DUKAKIS: Vote for me - I'm now, I'm happening and I can relate to the kidz. Aggoogoodaadaaaaaafarleysrusks.

THE GHOST OF THE YOUNG MR LINCOLN: We must come together or else I'll start a war - got me the mascara snake thats right.

THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA: Captain Beefheart for Presidentures.

GORBY: (Laughing) They've fallen for it, little do they know that the Don is in fact Olga Corbett, you got it Ronnie's sister.

RONNIE CORBETT: Sorry!



FLO-JO JOYNER

←
The Author.

Playing the
role of God.



Mitchum: symbolic present
of the old Hollywood system



65. Rothmans. Special. King size. Low tar - this is Big Don's brand. Smokeable even if they are a bit too mellow! Thumbs up (3).
66. Dunhill. Superior Mind. Low tar - Repulsive packet, an alien packet with a horrific after taste (N.B. DC disagrees). Poor but not reptile (1).
67. Lambert and Butler. 100's. Low to middle tar - metallic little devils. Taste like steel/radiation. I guess they'd be good to give up on (0).
68. Lambert and Butler. Special Mild. King size. Low tar These are the most repulsive cigarettes that I have yet tasted. Unsmokeable. Anyone who likes these deserves to get cancer! (-2).
69. Silk Cut. Low tar - stubbies. Interesting in their slightness - with the tiny hole thing. Does that save you from the day of reckoning? Paradise after L+B (3).
70. Berkeley Superkings mild. Low tar - very bathetic. Have I got to go on commenting (1).
71. Kim. Menthol. Luxury length. Low to middle tar - Yankee Doodle takes in a poxy green packet. Not one to look forward to. No balls (1½).
72. Silk Cut. Extra. Low tar - a stonky. Survivable in a sort of pedantic way (2).
73. Cartier. Luxury Mild. Low tar - attractive packet - what is class. Enjoyable for a mild un (but expensive). Recommended (4). (32)

74. Silk Cut. Deluxe Mild. King size. Low Tar - I am so bored of Silkies! If you've got this far - "Stopping smoking reduces the risk of serious diseases." (2).
75. Royal Standard. King size. Middle Tar - A cheapo brand (in the region of £1.23) with a lion on the packet. Not too bad, you little mouse. (3).
76. Dorchester Menthol. King size. Low Tar - Green packet (Yuk) Better than you might imagine, you old egg-head. LIVE FAST AND DIE SLOW. (1).
77. More Special Mild. 120s. Low Tar - spew coloured smokes! Very bad indeed. (0).
78. Marlboro 100s. Low to Middle Tar - Now I don't know if it's true 'bout God but these are slightly satanic - too rough on the throat. Rasp, rasp. (1½).
79. Balkan Sobranie. Plain. (No Tar rating.) - Delightful, Oval-shaped - Licky, licky Turkish Tobacco...one for the flash ciggy case, fills the room with smoke. Godlike. (5).
80. Sullivan's Oriental. (No Tar rating.) -The most gorgeous packet, I have ever seen, a very enjoyable smoke. See ya I'm off to the Middle East. (4).
81. Sullivan's special No 1 Turkish.(No Tar rating) - Less Turkish (once again very expensive) Not as nice. (2½).
82. Dorchester. Superkings. Low to Middle Tar - Better (if you force me) than any of the other house of Macdonald (I thought it was in Eltham.) (2).
83. Ronson. King size. Middle Tar - A cheapo brand (I spotted DC smokin' 'em the other day) quite tasty in a bargainly sort of way. (3).
84. Prince. High Tar - a very peculiar Danish cig. I've never smoked a filtered High Tar before (nor Prince for that matter.) "You don't have to watch Die-nasty to get a cancer." Enjoyable and pleasant. Recommended. (4).
85. Guards. Low to Middle Tar - Stubbs, not bad, I'd give 'em a higher mark if they were longer! (2).
86. Benson and Hedges. Special Virginia.(25) (No Tar rating) Unfiltered - Lovely to look at, lovely to smoke but very expensive (2.70) Buy 'em. (4½).
87. Rothmans International. Middle Tar - Most of the brands with Bourgeois pretensions have packs like these...okay, don't like the Gold band though. (2½).
88. Carroll's Number 1. Low to Middle Tar - Irish stubbs (made in Dundalk). Less is not more. (2).
89. Lark. Low to Middle Tar - Yankee smoke with the charcoal granules....didn't like them at first - but they grew on me. No bad at all. (3½).

Ken stopped in his tracks. What had she meant when she said "This really is the end . . ." Was it really another of her petty attempts to win back his affections or was it a cry for help? Ken turned his Porsche around in one frantic motion and sped back down the highway towards the large house where *She* lived.

A cloud of dust rose towards the heavens as he screeched to a halt on the gravel driveway, leapt from the car and raced up the steps to the front door. He burst into the hallway, tore up the stairs and catapulted himself through her bedroom door. Then, to his horror, he saw her. She was lying grotesquely, half on the bed and half on the floor. Her beautiful eyes gazed blankly upwards from the pool of vomit that surrounded her head. Her discoloured tongue lifelessly lapped at the reeking chuck-up and Ken, brave though he was, found it hard not heave himself. Instead a tear came to his eye as he silently whispered "Why Barbie, why . . . ?"

(Extract from 'Ken & Barbie' by Mills & Boon)

It is interesting to note that although heroin addicts drive more miles on average than non addicts they have fewer crashes. The same cannot be said for those addicted to barbiturates. These drugs are regularly perscribed to many a bored, middle aged house wife to help her cope with the stresses of life and the suicides, the abuse and the addiction are taken for granted as everyday events of domestic life.

Barbs affect you by swelling the outer membranes of nerve cells, narrowing the channels through which sodium and pottassium ions must pass. This slows the cells energy producing processes and restricts the nervous systems ability to respond to stimuli. Barbs are Veronal, Seconal which are derived from barbituric acid and its homologues, the hypnotics - Mandrax, Trinal, Valium, Librium and at least another forty different preparations.

The barbiturate addict is not like a junkie - the drugs are more destructive to the personality and where many an opiate addict is making a statement, positioning himself in society, using the addiction as a characteristic to define that position, the barbiturate addict does it to merge with society, to become invisible so as not to have to cope with the strains that everyone else takes for granted - his object is oblivion.

The effect of barbiturates on the personality of the user is pronounced. A junkie, when on opiates, will be calm, sensible, restrained and show signs of reduced sexuality. The same person on barbiturates would become aggressive, obstinate, would make stupid excuses for his behaviour and would be apt to masturbate in public! The user experiences wild mood changes from being hilariously amused to being horrifically depressed. Some become infantile and weep easily while others may develop paranoid ideas which can make them dangerous. These characteristics are more like those exhibited by chronic alcoholics than those shown by the relatively quiet heroin addict.

Withdrawing from barbiturates is even more damaging than coming off heroin. At first the addict may improve, becoming more coherent and behaving better but this is the calm before the storm. He will become apprehensive, his hands and face will begin to shake and any reflex stimulus will provoke disproportionate muscular responses. The temperature of the addict can rise to 105°F, his pulse will increase by up to 20 beats per minute. If he stands his heart cannot cope and the pulse can rise another 80 beats, blood pressure falls and the addict can easily faint. Convulsions often set in at this stage with the patient screaming, thrashing about while frothing at the mouth and shitting himself. Death is not uncommon at this stage but after three days the convulsions should have stopped. This is when psychoses begins. Hallucinations of little people, giants, animals, insects, birds, snakes, fish etc - like the delirium tremens experienced by alcoholics - are common as are paranoid delusions and sexual hallucinations. If the patient can survive the psychoses stage which lasts around two weeks (some die of exhaustion) then by the end of two months normality should be achieved.

Personally, I don't like them! I once took some valium and ended up not caring whether I was alive or dead. I walked into several lamp posts without feeling a thing and generally had a shitty time. On another occasion all I could do was try and go to sleep in a roadside ditch while a friend attempted to convince me that a hay barn a few hundred yards away was a better proposition. The utter relief and happiness I experienced once the drugs had worn off told me there were better things to life such as sports and fitness and cocaine . . . but more of that next time.

Coke or Pepsi - the big debate. Get your razors and mirrors ready for GT8 !

AM'S TV PAGE

Ambie says - "You can spike my drink anytime, Ben" xxxxx

Big Boy Ben gets my thumbs up over Limpy Linford and Corny Carl. Needless to say there was jubilation in the House of Gaul after the race -- but what followed has entitled B.J to a life-long invitation to future Gallic Feasts and we all know what that means! What a man, what a body, what a.....



NEENA ON PRINCE!

I aint fuckin' around I've been to heaven. And in heaven like the papers say, I had Princey each and every day. You know that skinny mutha-fucker with the tight little bottom. I was there. You understand what I'm saying y'all.

We're talking superfunkycalafragisexy. Oh my Lord, he's so fine. In heaven he's mine.



ARTHUR SCARGILL
Complained.



36

STOP-REG

1. Tzara v. Breton... just discovered Tzara stayed in France during WW2, he served with the Resistance, Breton ran away and hid in New York.

2. Hunter Thompson on the US Election; "And if it goes wrong for me, I want every one of those cheap, flaky bastards who don't vote on Nov 8th to know that they are the real swine in this queasy generation, and if there is any justice in this world, they will be hunted down like fat animals in winter and chopped into stinking offal."

3. 0817 Lucien Ballard cameraman on Sternberg's 'Crime and Punnishment' and a whole load of Peckinpahs including 'The Wild Bunch', died Oct 1 - we will miss him.

The zombie legend comes from those occasions when the correct amount of potion has been administered and the victim awakes in the grave and is taken (at night) by the Bokor. He is then made to consume a second drug which causes amnesia and disorientation and he is taken to another part of the island and forced to work as a slave. A fitting punishment in a society where the memory of slavery is still extremely painful!

Two final points: 1. The zombie often suffers brain-damage as a result of not receiving enough oxygen in the grave. 2. Voodoo did travel to the USA (through New Orleans - originally a French colony) in the Deep South it is known as Hoodoo.

For further information: Russell Hope Robbins - Encyclopedia of Witchcraft & Demonology / Aleister Crowley - Various / The Book of Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin the Mage / Colin Wilson - The Occult / Jung - Psychology and Alchemy / Wade Davis - The Serpent and the Rainbow (Voodoo) / The writings of Gurdjieff and Alice Bailey? / Goethe - Faust / The Fiction of HP Lovecraft, Poe and MR James / 'Haxan; Witchcraft through the ages' (Christenson) / 'Day of Wrath' (Dreyer) / 'Lucifer Rising' (Anger) / 'The Devil Rides Out'.

*** Mysteries Bookshop is full of Hippies! ***

FAST CARS AND MOTOR BEKES

Well the time for reminiscing has finally come - No car in London - My jewel of jewels... Brown Vauxhall Chevette with go faster gold stripes has been put in cold-storage in Evesham.

Various Battle-scars around my body - (use yer imagination) makes me feel like Vaughn behind the wheel - it's perfect and so simple - all lifes problems vanish when all you have to worry about is the gear-stick, your destination and fat hitch-hikers who leap onto your car and dent it as well as you! Also be careful of falling debris especially the sun.

Oh well Poodle-tip I've got to strip

yours faithfully BRIAN xxxxxxxxxxxx

AUTOGEDDON DE GAUL

In the beginning there was Mr Underwood's grey Ford Escort (Pere not Fils). This car had no character but we did drive down to London in it to do our 1st demo in 1981! THEN the mighty MG 1300 arrived it didn't come to live in London till '85 but it had been part of the family since '80 MOUSE-LOVER!!! THEN the 'Fiery' Wagon which was and is the only official Gallic auto. Knee-deep in trash, 4 tape-decks later this car was martyred in the name of Toutatis. THEN the Purple/Maroon? 2CV - a French vehiculeee and it was to France we went in '84 - RE-POed - Oh the unfairness of it all - £2000 COME OFF IT!! THEN the 'Flying Banana' floated into our presence it still lives (sort of value 50p). THEN another Ford Blood-Red too young for us to mythologise about. P.S. The Fiery still lives - I saw it on Upper Street recently!

THE FUNNY PAGE!



JOKES!!

Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Doctor.
Doctor Who?
Doctor Finlay's
casebook

1st Man: My wife's off
to the West Indies

2nd Man: Jamaica?

1st Man: No, Trinidad

Waiter, waiter, there
is a fly in my soup.
That's not soup sir-its
a piece of bread.

Doctor, Doctor. I keep
hearing things.
Who said that?

Knock, knock.
Who's there.
Doctor.
Doctor Who?
Doctor Who.

(38)



LETTER of the WEEK

Dear sir, Recently my husband had some people round for dinner without telling me they were coming. I managed to throw something together using some vegetables and an old piece of ham that had been in my cupboard for three years and was quite putrid. Imagine my surprise when all our guests came down with food poisoning and died. Other readers might appreciate my advice: don't cook meat that has maggots all over it.

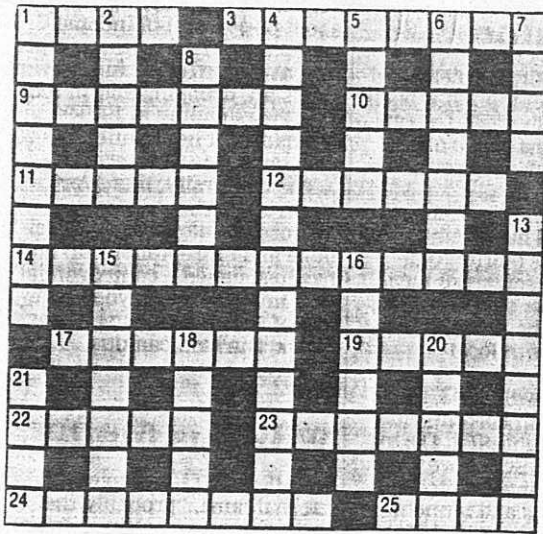
MRS S. MORON, BUCKS.

Gallic Rhyming Slang -

Apples + gym = Jim. Apples + gandralf = Ralph. Apples + poof = DC. Apples + Strife = Ambie. Apples + Jam jax = Fiery Wagon. Apples + bastard = Estate agent. Apples + BEASLEY = BIT on the side.



ACROSS



DOWN

ACROSS

1. What DC does to young men (4)
3. What DC got in the company of young men (8)
9. Mad moon man (7)
11. The smell of pierced rectum ? (1,4)
12. One way of describing DC (3,3)
14. Acid used in soaps etc (5)
17. What DC hates (6)
19. What man in Reggie Perrin said (5)
22. Another distasteful habit of DC's (5)
23. Rimmer ? (3,4)
24. DC and snails are these (8)
25. Gimme some (4)

DOWN

1. One of DC's hobbies (8)
2. Boredom
4. Scumbag who ripped us off over a rehearsal room in '82 (7,6)
5. What DC does in the cottage (5)
6. Where DC likes it to go (4,3)
7. He fiddled (4)
8. What DC & undertakers love (6)
10. DC has her as a Roman fixation (5)
13. Who's veed is it ? (2,6)
15. What DC does at 10 each morning e (2,1,3,1)
16. A Rapid girl with no e (4,2)
18. Where Rod Hull's hand goes (1,3)
20. DC is embarrassed about his (5)
21. The sort of Super 8 film we use



The Editor of GT7 was Stuart Mehaffey
 Staff: The Quaker and The King of Gibberish. Cuntributors: The Queen, The Pest, The Lawyer, The Teacher, The New Boy.^{No!}
 Gallic Times 8 (The Door-Knocker of Doubt) will be published in December and will celebrate Revolutionary Terrorism. Don't call us we'll call you.
 Bugger off!

GT#6 ANSWERS; ACROSS: 1, Bottom Burps 9, Beam On Sub 10, U, B, O 11, Musil 13, Candide 14, No Gays 15, Traits 18, Yuppies 20, Press 21, Yes 22, O Bruitism 24, A Yes and a Nay.
 DOWN: 2, One 3, Trolley 4, Musico 5, Urban 6, Plum I Like 7, A Bum in my Eye 8, I open Sesame 12, Sago Posty 16, Replica 17, Ask Ron 19, Icons 23, IRA,

"Get outta my way, I'm spittin'."



Paul Muni, as Tony Camonte in *Scarface*, 1932,

THIS WAS GP30